

Rocky Road to Dublin

Dropkick Murphys

In the merry month of June from my home I started
Left the girls of taum nearly brokenhearted saluted me
Father dear kissed me darling mother drank a pint of beer
My grief and tears to smother then off to reap the corn
Leave where I was born cut a stout blackthorn to banish
Ghosts and goblin brand-new pair of brogues rattling over
The bogs frightening all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin
In Mullingar last night, I rested limbs so weary
started by daylight
Next morning bright and early took a drop of the pure to keep me
Heart from sinking that's the paddy's cure when he's on the drinking
See the lassies smile laughing all the while at me darling style
Would set your heart a-bubblin' asked me was I hired
Wages I required 'til I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky
road
And all the way to Dublin, whack-fol-la-de-da
In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity to be
So soon deprived a view of that fine city
Decided to take a stroll all among the quality bundle
It was stole in that neat locality something crossed my mind
When I looked behind no bundle could I find upon me stick a-wobblin'
Crying for a rogue said me Con naught brogue wasn't much in-vogue
On the rocky road to Dublin
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the way to Dublin, whack-fol-la-de-da
From there I got away, me spirits never failing landed on the quay
Just as the ship was sailing captain at me roared
Said that no room had he then I jumped aboard a cabin
Found for paddy down among the pigs
Played some funny rigs, danced some hearty jigs
The water 'round me bubblin' off to holly head wished myself was dead
Or better far instead on the rocky road to Dublin
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the way to Dublin, whack-fol-la-de-da
The boys in Liverpool, when we safely landed called myself a fool
I could no longer stand it blood began to boil
Temper I was losing poor old Erin's isle they began abusing
Hooray me soul says I, let the shillelagh fly some gal way
Boys were nigh saw I was a-hobblin' with a loud array
They joined me in the fray and soon we cleared the way
On the rocky road to Dublin
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the way to Dublin, whack-fol-la-de-da
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the way to Dublin, whack-fol-la-de-da
Hey

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